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The U-2 Affair: Aftermath and Afterthoughts

DAVID RIESMAN

Renewal of the Church

PHILIP SCHARPER

Goring an Ox

DONALD C. GANCER

THE MORNING AFTER: A POEM • WORKING CLASS LIFE TODAY
"A FUNNY THING" • A MINOR SPARK • "ADVISE AND CONSENT"

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THE COMMONWEAL

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

The Pogo Problem

WE'VE BEEN thinking about the old joke of the psychoanalyst whose friend passes by and says "Hello, there," and the analyst says to himself, "I wonder what he meant by that." We've been thinking too about the liberal mind and its relentless awareness of agonizing complexities.

Also we've been thinking about the celebrated Pogo case—the fact that Walt Kelly, creator of the widely syndicated Pogo comic strip, has brought to Okefenokee Swamp an outrageous pig who looks, acts and talks (in pig-Russian) exactly like Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev and a malodorous goat who is equally unmistakably Cuban Premier Fidel Castro. The Soviet Embassy has protested, a number of Canadian and overseas outlets have dropped the strip, and so has at least one paper in the United States.

The connection between these phenomena—as many a reader will have guessed—is that a friend of ours passed by the other day and said, "Hello there, what do you think of this Pogo uproar?" And before you could say tragic ambiguity, there we were agonizing.

Well, we said, it's a complicated affair. (A first-class agonizer admits the possibility of no other kind.) What we have here is a collision between values which are good in themselves but which in a free society can exist only in tension, sometimes even in opposition. That is to say, the ideal of freedom for the artist is certainly an important one in our culture, and rightly so. Art which is expected merely to celebrate the accepted pieties of a society becomes sterile, false and ultimately non-art. Art which is thought to exist merely to advance the purposes of the state is no more than a utensil, and the hallmark of the totalitarian, not the free, society.

On the other hand, obviously, there are such things as public decency, social order and the general welfare. And it may be that in order to protect these values, the freedom of the artist will have to be subordinated to some degree for the sake of a greater good.

In the case of Walt Kelly and Pogo, of course, we are not faced with the problem of legal censorship, but the elements involved are at least related. The international repercussions from Kelly's satirization of Khrushchev and Castro might be considerable. It might be argued too that public propriety is offended by insulting caricatures of the head of a foreign state.

Yet the dangers in this line of thought are very great. First of all, the potentially harmful effects of Pogo's new acquaintances are probably exaggerated, as such effects usually are in these cases. Furthermore, there are always good reasons for censorship. If there were not, censorship would not be the problem it is. Finally, such considerations as "offensive" and "insulting" make extremely slippery norms. Who is to say that an art-work is offensive, and is the person who feels offended to be the final judge in deciding this question? The list of now-revered art-works which were originally judged offensive is a long one. It includes not only such "controversial" works as Joyce's *Ulysses* but schoolroom classics like *Huckleberry Finn* and the placidities of William Dean Howells.

OUR FRIEND then interrupted, boorishly: So you approve of the Khrushchev-Castro satire in Pogo? By no means, we answered. (He should have known better.) While we think that it is perilous to make up rules of what is or is not a fit subject for satire, and while we think that freedom—especially freedom of the press—is a highly perishable commodity which is easily lost and seldom regained, we think that in this particular instance the satire is crude and offensive, the humor sophomoric, and the facts of international relations at this time—

Hah! said our friend (*friend*?). Did you feel that way when Kelly was insulting and ridiculing the

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late Senator McCarthy in the form of a wolfish Simple J. Malarkey who came to Okefenokee? Isn't this the old liberal double standard? Maybe, we said, because we are overwhelmingly convinced of human weakness. And maybe it is only a rationalization to say that there is some distinction between satirizing a domestic politician who is in the thick of a political brawl and the head of a foreign state. And maybe we only reveal our prejudices when we say that, making a personal judgment, S. J. Malarkey seemed funny to us and the Khrushchev-Castro animals seem not very.

So how about a simple, straightforward answer, asked our former friend: Where do you stand on the Pogo problem? Well, we said, we're concerned about it. We're unwilling to draw any hard and fast lines on the subjects that the artist can properly treat, and there is great danger in the ideologizing of art. Nevertheless, although we mistrust our own motivations as a matter of principle, we think our assessment of the international situation would make us think twice about endorsing Kelly's treatment of these heads of state. Actually, we went on, what we have here is a collision between values which are good in themselves but which in a free society—

Inexplicably, we found when we looked up that our erstwhile friend had gone.

Contempt of Congress

IT HAS by now become predictable that when the Supreme Court sets aside a contempt of Congress indictment, the uproar will be loud and violent. The most recent Supreme Court decision in this area was no exception to the rule. By a vote of 5-2 (Justices Clark and Harlan dissenting), the Court set aside the conviction of six men who had been convicted of refusing to answer questions put to them by Senate and House investigating committees. In each instance, the subject matter of the investigation pertained to Communism.

While the grounds for refusal to answer the questions were very broad—freedom of speech and the press, privacy of belief and association—the Court's verdict was rendered on the point that the indictment did not specify the "subject under inquiry" by the investigating committees.

It is difficult for us to see what is objectionable about a decision of this kind, especially since it leaves the Justice Department free to seek a new indictment from a grand jury. For Justice Harlan, however, the holding of the court was "sudden" and "novel," and "will serve to encourage recalcitrance to legitimate Congressional inquiry." On the contrary, it seems to us that the holding ought, in a negative way, serve to encourage investigating subcommittees to be wary of aimless, formless "fishing" expeditions. This would be a welcome development, one which would not deprive Congress of any valid power of inquiry.

Perhaps the most distressing note about the decision, however, was Justice Clark's suggestion that Congress resume its power of trying recalcitrant witnesses before its own bar—and imprisoning them if necessary. We find this a chilling suggestion. It is one thing to disagree with the Court. But the idea that the Court ought to be entirely circumvented seems to us a patent suggestion that traditional means of guaranteeing justice to the individual be scrapped.

Troubled Argentina

RUMORS of a plot to murder Juan Peron in Madrid have focused renewed attention on Argentina, which since the coup that deposed President Frondizi has been living under military rule. Peron has been living in style in Franco Spain, but except for his long string of Argentine visitors, has kept fairly well in the background. He has issued no public statements and refrained from giving press interviews in order not to annoy the Spanish government and thus disturb diplomatic relations.

Meanwhile, little has been heard of Arturo Frondizi since his arrest and imprisonment on Martin Garcia island in the River Plate two months ago. Two lawyers, however, have recently appeared before a three-judge court in Buenos Aires to plead for his release—a step which doubtless is possible because of the attempt of the military to keep up constitutional appearances.

One aspect of the coup which put José María

Next Week

JOSEPH CUNNEEN writes about the role of the layman and the coming Ecumenical Council:

"There need be no fear that the layman, in a burst of willful impatience, is straining at the teaching authority of the Church. Any Catholic who honestly grapples with his temporal vocation in the world comes to see the centrality of the bishop's role, and prays only to encounter him more frequently as teacher than as super-administrator. Few are the Sunday sermons which center on doctrine; fewer still are those which help us see in what way doctrines change anything in our lives."

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Guido, then President of the Senate, in Frondizi's chair was that the national parliament was recessed until May 1, 1963. The results of the March elections, which had given the Peronists forty-five seats and ten provincial governorships, were annulled by *fiat*. In protest, over sixty Deputies from other parties have resigned their seats. Only the firm hand of the military keeps the lid on the political and social unrest.

The Argentine Treasury, not yet recovered from the depredations of the Peron decade and not supported as it was by abundant agricultural exports, is virtually empty. The peso has lost a quarter of its value since the coup. One bright spot is the determination of the able Minister of Economy, Alvaro Alsogaray, to revive national production even if it means sending a number of underemployed city-dwellers back to the pampas.

Power is sharply divided in Argentina between two hostile groups. The military, manifestly anti-Castro and anti-Peron, are the strongest. When the showdown came, the organized workers, three-fifths of them Peronistas, realized that they were not powerful enough to throw down the gauntlet to the armed forces. And in between the two enemy camps are the middle classes, of whom President Frondizi was the representative.

Because of the violent enmity of leaders of the armed forces and suits that would confront him, it is unlikely that Juan Peron will ever attempt to return to power in Argentina. To many his name does recall those happy days when wages were being raised to new heights and social benefits to unprecedented proportions. But his lavish policies made necessary the unpopular austerities of his successors; his promoting of industrialization was directly at the expense of an agriculture that for years had served as a bulwark of Argentine prosperity and preeminence in South America.

If Argentina's military regime does not portend a return of Juan Peron, it offers a most discouraging prospect. It is a throwback to earlier Latin-American times. It violates democratic traditions. By disregarding the will of an important sector of the electorate and depriving many citizens of political means of manifesting their views, it blocks any substantial national progress. Better a nation contending as best it can with political factionalism than one which keeps an important minority in shackles.

Population and Responsibility

ONE GRIM advantage of life in our time is that there are more than enough real and expected crises to keep the wolf of boredom from the door. The most obvious crisis is, of course, the threat of nuclear war. But beyond that, there are the problems of automation, the care of the aged, juvenile delinquency, revolution in the underdeveloped nations, the secularization of modern life, and on and on. One does not, however, have to be an alarmist to take seriously the assertion that, after nuclear warfare, the most pressing, long-range world crisis is that of rapid population growth. However much one may attempt to juggle statistics, speculate about new breakthroughs in agriculture and population distribution, and cite brilliant economic plans, the fact remains that the population of the world is increasing at a prodigious rate.

The question that inevitably arises is whether world economic growth will be able to keep pace with this increase. More pointedly, will the economic development of the underdeveloped nations of the world keep pace with their population growth? For the pessimist, the answer in both instances is no, and a decisive no to the second question—unless, that is, population planning and control are adopted on a large scale. For the optimist, the answer is yes—assuming that man is ingenious and wise enough to take full advantage of scientific and economic advances. Unhappily, the world can hardly afford to wait idly to see which side is right. For it is precisely what we do now, in our generation, which will determine the outcome of the predictions.

The recently issued booklet, *Does Overpopulation Mean Poverty*?, by Joseph Marion Jones, provides, we believe, some needed clarification of the problem and some eminently sound proposals. Published by the Council for Economic Growth (*1720 Rhode Island Ave., N.W., Washington 6, D.C., 75¢.*), Mr. Jones' booklet includes some compelling statistics and some useful concrete suggestions for dealing with the delicate matter of Catholic and non-Catholic cooperation in formulating public policy.

The theme of the booklet is succinctly stated by Eugene Black, President of the World Bank, in his Foreword: "The present surging increase in population, concentrated largely in the poorest countries of the world, affects us now. It threatens directly the success of the greatest enterprise of our day—the international development effort which is attempting to provide tolerable living standards to that two-thirds of mankind which is now almost always in want."

The issue, in short, as Mr. Jones, a former editor of *Fortune*, sees it, is that economic gain without a reduced birthrate all but cancels itself out. Foreign aid and economic assistance to the underdeveloped countries provide one viable answer to poverty, illiteracy and social unrest; but it is an answer

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which depends, in great part, on a slow population growth. The former cannot be expected to succeed in the absence of the latter.

For our part, we find Mr. Jones' reasoning persuasive. No doubt it is possible to object that, say, Mr. Jones' projection of a doubling of the present world population in forty years fails to take into account many possible variables—nuclear war, for instance. Yet it seems to us folly to minimize mathematical projections on the basis of speculative and imaginative possibilities.

The inescapable fact is that, for the past fifty years, world population has increased tremendously—and the rate of population growth (now estimated at two per cent a year) is, even today, steadily increasing. Again, one can imagine many plausible reasons why this trend may, at some unspecified point in the future, reverse itself. But ought one's thinking be determined by these speculations or by the statistics now in hand? We think the latter.

To come to this conclusion, however, does not by any means entail total adoption of the alarmists' viewpoint. Nor is it a conclusion incompatible with a rejection of the vague term "population explosion." But it is certainly a conclusion which allows no room for a leisurely, casual meeting of the problem. In particular, Catholics have a special obligation here since it is the Catholic Church which has most steadfastly opposed the most common non-Catholic solution: a crash program of world population control by means of contraceptives.

In this respect, Mr. Jones makes a number of valuable suggestions. But the most pertinent is his call for Catholics and non-Catholics to exploit the already wide areas of agreement on the gravity of the problem—especially the need for a sound and effective public policy and a rapid expansion of research efforts toward acceptable methods of fertility control. The time to do this is now. There is no longer any excuse for Catholic diffidence.

Goring an Ox

NONE OF the proposals in the Administration's tax revision bill has provoked more vigorous criticism and opposition than that which provides for withholding at the source on most dividend and interest income. The proposed system would operate very much like the familiar one in effect for two decades with respect to withholding from wages and salaries. As reported to the House by the Ways and Means Committee, it requires all individuals, corporations, banks, and other organizations paying dividends or interest to withhold a flat twenty per cent from each payment, which amount would be credited to the account of the taxpayer by the Internal Revenue Service.

The arguments against withholding, though variously stated, resolve chiefly to one point: the burden on the business community and government caused by increased paperwork, changes in payroll and accounting practices, etc., will far exceed the expected increase in revenue. But this reasoning takes a very narrow view of the benefits to be derived from this part of the tax bill and one which, by implication, condones the practice of willful tax evasion.

Opponents of the bill judge the merits of withholding solely by the revenue to be derived from tightening up on the reporting practices of recipients of dividends and interest—no mean sum itself at 600 million dollars. In so doing, however, they fail to appreciate that withholding is not just another revenue device; it is part of the Administration's overall effort to insure that the incidence of income taxation is apportioned among all classes of taxpayers according to law. This point was made clear by the President last year when he requested enactment of his tax revision bill.

Taxpayers who derive a part or all of their income from dividends and interest are avoiding payment of 600 million dollars annually under the present system—there is general agreement on this fact. Contrast this situation with that of taxpayers whose income consists of salaries or wages subject to withholding. It is virtually impossible for the latter class of taxpayer to successfully evade the tax on such income even if he wished. And this is not to make the issue one of lowly wage-earners vs. wealthy, Wall Street speculators. The high-salaried executive has the identical interest in this legislation that the wage-earner has because both belong to the class of taxpayers whose income cannot be concealed. (This is not to say that either the executive or the wage-earner cannot also be receiving dividend and interest income which he may not be reporting accurately.) The proposed withholding provision is aimed directly at this disparity in treatment under the law and at eliminating the unjust advantage now enjoyed by recipients of dividends and interest.

It has been stated by the courts frequently, and repeated by the President in his message to Congress accompanying the revenue bill last year, that our tax system is primarily self-assessing. As such, it is built upon the collective honesty of the individual taxpayers themselves, and does not depend on the ability of the I.R.S. to detect tax-evaders and thus enforce collection.

This description of the system as self-assessing is demonstrated by the fact that for the year 1959 ap-

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proximately 60 million individual taxpayers filed returns on one of the various forms 1040 in which they themselves, not a government assessor, reported 305 billions of adjusted gross income, claimed deductions and computed and paid their own tax on 44,946 million dollars. Opponents of the withholding measure should realize that if the large-scale evasion at which it is directed is allowed to continue, the obvious result will be to breed more evasion in other areas of the tax structure by taxpayers rightfully indignant over seeming Congressional tolerance of the unfair advantage taken by recipients of dividends and interest. This is why withholding must be considered in a larger perspective in relation to the entire tax system.

WITHHOLDING is an important aspect of the Administration's long-range program of tax reform because, on the whole, other reforms are aimed at tightening the so-called "loopholes"—the special-interest provisions which have crept into the Internal Revenue Code granting unjustifiable preferential treatment to various groups. But these preferences are at least legal, and any taxpayer, if his case fits the situation, may in good faith employ the law to reduce his tax burden. This is true even though we may question whether the means employed by certain interest groups initially to secure passage of such preferential legislation was in all cases proper.

It should be pointed out that illegal tax evasion and lawful tax avoidance are entirely different matters, though often incorrectly regarded in the same dark light. The taxpayer who claims a deduction of $500 for a contribution to his favorite charity, which in fact he never made, is guilty of evasion. This is fraud and illegal. But the taxpayer who plans his affairs to secure maximum tax advantage, perhaps with the aid of advisors, is lawfully avoiding taxes which he might not have escaped otherwise.

Anyone who criticizes the latter technique is in effect asking that donations be made to the government. The most sincere critic of the depletion allowance on oil and gas income would not be expected to reject its benefits so long as it is the law. This is simply a case of not rendering to Caesar that which Caesar does not claim. On the other hand, there seems to be nothing debatable about the three billion dollars of dividend and interest income that goes unreported each year. This situation is admittedly the result of deliberate tax evasion (or grossly culpable ignorance) on the part of the taxpayers involved.

No one can justify the failure to report taxable income unless he is ready to deny that the tax law, as written, is legally or morally binding. But without making such denial explicitly, many critics have apparently arrived at just this conclusion, though perhaps not consciously or as a formulated position.

An example of this thinking appeared in a statement made by the President of the National Association of Investors Brokers, reported in the *Wall Street Journal* on January 26, 1962. In criticizing the withholding proposal he stated that with the capital needs of business now "greater than ever before, every possible encouragement should be given to individuals willing to risk their savings to promote this nation's economic growth." He went on to say that the added expense to the government, investment firms, banks and corporations would "not warrant the added revenue the tax would generate."

Yet the only "encouragement" given to an investor which would be affected by withholding is the assurance under the present state of affairs that the investor may evade taxation of at least part of the income from his investment with relatively little risk. This is the underlying rationale of that statement and what follows concerning the added expenses versus the increased revenue is a separate, and basically unrelated, issue.

IT SHOULD be surprising that such a criticism is voiced, based as it is on the tacit assumption that tax evasion is a desirable feature of the investment picture today which should not be disturbed by Congress. President Kennedy indicated in his message on taxation that he considers the dishonesty of certain taxpayers as a moral injustice to the majority who are, as a result, forced to bear a greater tax burden. This is a seemingly uncomplicated conclusion which most citizens should reach. That all do not is probably due to the fact that many of us are unfortunately not accustomed to thinking of our relations with government in moral terms.

Let those who wish to encourage the nation's economic growth by tax incentives for dividend and interest income do so openly by advocating legislation which would grant more favorable tax treatment to them. But Congress should not be requested to countenance tax evasion for such motives. And neither should Congress be asked to pass on withholding solely as a revenue device, measuring the cost of its implementation against the proceeds directly attributable to it. It is to be hoped that Congress will recognize the withholding provision for what it is; a very practical method of restoring justice to one not-so-small part of the tax system.

If withholding is not the best answer to the problem of three billion dollars of unreported income each year, then its opponents should offer constructive alternatives. But so far the opposition has only been critical without even being relevant. The issue is tax evasion, a dangerously contagious evil—as other nations have often discovered too late. Withholding cannot be discussed in any other terms. DONALD C. GANCER

(Mr. Gancer is associated with a law firm in Chicago. This is his first appearance in The Commonweal.)

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Adam Smith, M.D.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY continues to show his skill as a practitioner of the art of politics. On his recent weekend in New York, he made three public appearances. In each of them he managed to score a success in quite different ways.

Being nothing if not practical, the President made his fund-raising "Birthday Party" at Madison Square Garden his major appearance. There his talk was as frankly partisan as the occasion itself, and enough people paid from ten to one thousand dollars apiece to raise more than a million dollars for the Democratic war chest. Even for a Presidential appearance, that is not bad.

Mr. Kennedy's second appearance was at the dedication of a housing project sponsored by the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union. Here the President had a ready-made forum to appeal for rank-and-file support for his point of view, which in certain important respects differs from that of many labor leaders, and he was able to deliver himself of some remarks about the value of government-labor-business cooperation which made interesting food for thought in the light of the steel hassle.

Sunday afternoon, though, was the dramatic high-point of the weekend. Twenty thousand people—most of them elderly—crowded into Madison Square Garden for the chief of thirty-odd rallies on behalf of the Administration's "medicare" program, and thousands more heard the President's remarks on the outside.

His talk on this occasion was, I suspect, a political masterpiece. Not once did the President argue against individual doctors—not once did he suggest that individual doctors acted from improper motives. His target always was the medical bureaucracy of the AMA, and his thesis was that individual doctors were opposing the Administration's King-Anderson bill simply because they did not understand its provisions as a result of AMA distortions.

From a tactical point of view, it seems to me, the AMA has worked itself into an unenviable position. Medical leaders have cast themselves in the role of being against for as long as anyone can remember, and there comes a time, I think, when people get tired of it. Many of us have the best of relationships with and considerable admiration for individual doctors; the fact remains that when the AMA speaks its pronouncements always seem couched in terms of pious clap-trap or shrill self-interest. If the doctors I know are any fair sample, they deserve better representation than they are getting.

In the political arena organized medicine now suffers, inevitably, from the law of diminishing returns. No group that started out by damning the Blue Cross principle as galloping socialism and that has repeated the phrase *ad nauseam* every year since can expect the public to continue to take the charge seriously. This, I think, is the story of the AMA and politics.

One of the real dangers with this "cry-wolf" approach, of course, is that some day the wolf may be real. I don't see that this is so in the case of the King-Anderson bill, however.

The bill provides hospital and certain convalescent costs through Social Security for fourteen million citizens sixty-five and over who are eligible under the retirement provisions of the law. The measure authorizes payment for hospital care of up to ninety days for each illness and up to one hundred and eighty days in a nursing home for patients transferred from a hospital. To discourage hospitalization for trivial reasons, each patient will have to pay ten dollars a day for the first nine days. Private duty nurses are excluded, as are medicines outside the hospital.

Despite all the talk, the patient has free choice of doctors and the government does not pay them, except for certain exceptions in the case of particular specialists. One of the AMA's objections to this bill is that three to four million of the aged are not covered; this is true enough, but it seems a curious argument for the AMA to make. What the AMA favors, on the other hand, is the Kerr-Mills law, which provides aid for those who are completely unable to pay but which is not much help to those living on modest savings or those unwilling to take a "pauper's oath."

When President Truman tried to put over a national health insurance system, the AMA was able to beat him. Political prophecy is a risky business, but I doubt that the AMA will be as successful on this more limited question of care for the aged. The President may lose this time around, but I do not think that will be the end of it. And one of the best arguments on Mr. Kennedy's side has been the suggestion that doctors will refuse to treat patients hospitalized under the law; this, I think, will not go down with the public.

The AMA swings a lot of political weight in Congress, but so too do fourteen million Americans over sixty-five—plus their sons and daughters. One catastrophic blow or chronic illness can wipe out the savings of a lifetime, and it seems only common sense to spread the risk by the insurance principle. To me and many other people the Social Security system seems the most logical and efficient way of doing this.

In the AMA fight with the President, then, my money is on Mr. Kennedy. As the public relations boys might say, the AMA has image trouble, and I think it will get worse, not better.

JAMES O'GARA

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The U-2 Affair: Aftermath and Afterthoughts

DAVID RIESMAN

THE DAY the summit collapsed lingers in memory as one of the most bitter of my life, comparable to Pearl Harbor in the sense of foreboding it gave me. I recall, for one thing, meeting a colleague at the Harvard Faculty Club who was extraordinarily cheerful at the news. He said, in effect, that now one could hate Khrushchev again with unconcerned restraint—and he was sensitive enough to know I felt quite the other way. Half-joking in turn, I said to friends that Bernie Goldfine's presents would be the source of terrible disaster for the world since, if Sherman Adams had remained in the White House, that cool and sober, cautious man would not have allowed President Eisenhower to take responsibility for the U-2 flights. Correspondingly, from the very first I blamed Jim Hagerty for wanting to protect the image of Ike as all-knowing, even at the expense of the tacit rule of espionage that it is not acknowledged by the head of State.

All these things have been brought back to mind by *Look* Magazine's characteristically enterprising journalism in recently publishing two installments of the book by David Wise and Thomas B. Ross, *The U-2 Affair.* These articles, with their piecing together of the web of events, provide an opportunity for a reflection on their possible lessons.

The first of these, or at any rate one to which I am particularly sensitive, is the high cost of greed, of overreaching, in the affairs of men and nations. From 1943-1946, I was Contract Termination Director at Sperry Gyroscope Company, one of those responsible for preparing claims by contractors and sub-contractors on altered and terminated contracts with the military services. Virtually all the company's business was with the armed services; and the top officials, themselves patriotic men, were concerned to maintain good relations with the government and the esteem of its officers even while protecting the company's rights and defending its interests.

Lower officials, however, fearful lest the top brass be too "soft on the USA," would sometimes be tempted to pad costs or to load onto a claim materials for which no other use could be found. Now and again there would be a high official, angry at what he considered government interference and perhaps fearful that I was too sympathetic with the government, who would pound the table and insist that such claims—often in fact quite arguable—were just; this, in spite of the fact that renegotiation and taxes would take away all or virtually all of any gains that could be squeezed out in this way.

But there were also military officers who were inclined, if not to overreach, then to demand better or quicker treatment for their service or to try to establish that their service was more parsimonious in granting claims. When I would strongly resist these officers they would sometimes go over my head and call a high official, who would then ask me why I wasn't willing to bargain and be reasonable—and this was sometimes the very same man who had berated me another day for softness. I began to realize that men with quick tempers who pounded the table in a self-righteous way were often rather fragile under pressure and would give in completely. Once their rhetorical defenses were breached they could fall back on nothing. They had no principles to guide them except to get what they could and appear as tough or realistic as they could.

I'M AFRAID that President Eisenhower (whose peaceful intentions I've always admired) behaved in the U-2 affair somewhat like these irascible executives. He was uneasy about the flights, but he lacked the confidence in his own principles that might have led him to cancel them; and he accepted the rationalizations offered him by the CIA. When the cover story exploded, Secretary Herter persuaded the President, by phone from Washington to Gettysburg, not to assume responsibility for the flights. But it is not clear from the report whether Eisenhower was ever informed that Allen Dulles offered to resign and thereby take blame for the affair (which seems the right thing to have done—if only resignation was part of the American offiicial culture as it should be). Only Mr. Hagerty was

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with Ike at the other end of the wire at Gettysburg. And although Mr. Hagerty denies that he persuaded Ike to reverse himself, Ike did so.

Thereafter, when Khrushchev got angry and demanded that the flights be cancelled, Ike himself grew furious. On the one hand, he quietly ordered the flights stopped and, on the other, refused while in this country to give in to Khrushchev's demand—he wasn't going to bow to pressure. But when confronted with a raging Khrushchev in Paris, Ike did just that and said the flights had been called off—an issue purposely left ambiguous previously. In other words, Ike did under the pressure of Khrushchev's scolding what he should have done at the outset if he was going to take responsibility at all.

Yet it is especially greed that appears in the wholly plausible report that the Gary Powers flight was made because those in charge of the U-2 program feared that the Summit might put an end to the U-2 flights forever. They wanted to get one last one in under the wire. They did so, not only without concern for the possible dangers to the Summit and to the President's own reputation, but also without very clear scrutiny of the question of what the U-2 flights could still accomplish when they had already made clear that the Soviet Union was not building a large ICBM capacity. Indeed, according to Messrs. Wise and Ross, the first emplacement for an ICBM was going down as late as May, 1960, near Sverdlovsk (at the very time when Joseph Alsop was alerting Americans to the "missile gap"). Wise and Ross also say that there were often thousands of undeveloped photographs from the U-2 flights—these were piling up faster than they could be assimilated. It seems altogether likely that even if Powers' flight had succeeded it would have brought us only cumulative evidence.

I am myself convinced that this evidence could have been gathered from quite different sources. Yet I realize that some readers may believe that my views on Soviet intentions are clouded by wishful thinking and my hope for peace. I am, of course, aware of this possibility. Nevertheless, it is not wishfulness but a sense of the inertia in human affairs and some grasp of the style of Soviet official behavior that have led me to believe that it took the Soviet military a long time to switch from heavy artillery and conventional and local nuclear land forces to creating a war plan for an attack on the United States. I am guided here by the reports on Soviet attitudes by George Kennan and others, none of them so far as I can see particularly starry-eyed about Communism.

IN THE end, however, it was the greed to score a point that led us to justify the U-2 on the ground that we had to commit espionage because the Soviet Union was an aggressive, secret society. If President Eisenhower had *really* accepted responsibility, he would not have sought to alibi for what was at long last the truth —a gratuitous slap at the Soviet Union in an already diplomatically touchy situation.

But this scoring of points seems endemic, not only to "capitalists," but also to "Communist" powers in their efforts to mix negotiation and propaganda. We can hardly help not only wanting to do good but also to look good, even if we must stretch a point to do so. Certainly I sympathize with the Voice of Women ladies at Geneva who felt that Arthur Dean and Zorin were two of a kind; both do appear to have the legalistic desire to score a point rather than to establish a way of proceeding among people who must live together over a long period of time.

The press and the mass media, of course, live (just as litigating lawyers do) by exacerbating relationships. In the U-2 affair, they played a part on both sides. By pressing unprepared American officials for statements, for answers to Khrushchev's charges and so on, they rattled both responsible and irresponsible men, got ambiguous answers which then had to be clarified, leading to further lies, further defensiveness, and the final explosion. On Khrushchev's side, Messrs. Wise and Ross describe him as at one point surrounded by reporters when he went to view the special U-2 exhibit in the Gorky Central Park of Culture and Rest on May 11. A reporter asked "Do you still want President Eisenhower to come to the Soviet Union?" Khrushchev paused for about forty-five seconds before answering. Then he said, "What shall I say? Take my place and say it for me . . . How can I now call on our people to turn out and welcome the dear guest that is coming to us? The people will say, 'Are you nuts? What kind of a dear guest is he who allows a plane to fly to us to spy?' " The reporters speculated that this answer barring the President was an off-the-cuff response. Yet I think that neither free enterprise nor the press as such suffice to explain the sorts of patterns of greed we deal with here.

For all that, many Americans thought—and I was inclined to agree—that Eisenhower, in accepting responsibility for the U-2, was exhibiting a kind of boy scout, naive honesty which was in some respects admirable despite its potentially terrible consequences. Yet Ike's statement that the U-2 flights were necessary to protect U.S. security because of the nature of Soviet society was itself false, disproved by the U-2 photos themselves with their evidence that the Soviets had then no plan for an all-out attack on us. Moreover, Messrs. Wise and Ross say that the U-2 greatly influenced U.S. policy in allowing Ike to remain calm in spite of domestic alarm over the bomber gap and the missile gap. But if he had actually used the U-2 evidence to reduce alarm, he would, of course, have had to give up the U-2 flights thenceforth; and here both greed and pride would have stood in the way.

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The result was to make it appear that it was Ike's golf-playing, budget-balancing, and altogether complacent mentality that prevented our building up our full panoply of conceivable weapons and that kept us in a no-test moratorium. It was never made clear to the country that there were sober reasons for pursuing a policy of relatively minimum deterrence which did not threaten the USSR with a first strike.

The U-2 flights themselves, however, as Leo Szilard was the first to argue, did just that. By showing the weakness of the Soviet Union and by revealing where its missile bases lay hidden, it made it look as if we had the ability if not the intention to make a first strike. This impression must, therefore, have greatly strengthened the Soviet generals' hand in demanding reversal of reductions in forces and a breaking of the moratorium on testing. To underscore this point, it is believed by many scientists that the Soviet plans for the last series of tests must have begun shortly after the U-2 explosion. As it turned out, the President wanted the domestic advantages and comfort of a low-budget policy without the dangers and arguments he would have encountered had he explained that this was a form of arms control based on concrete evidence of actual Soviet capabilities.

LET ME return to the question of President Eisenhower's repeated uneasiness about the U-2 flights. When he remonstrated against them he was overborne by the technical experts who insisted, on the one hand, that there was no risk and, on the other, that there was great value in the flights. For reasons just suggested, the value was a negative value: the gain in information was an actual loss in security. It is this kind of "exchange" that the greedy person can never grasp: he can see what lies ahead but not that it's a booby trap.

As I read the U-2 story, I kept thinking of the current test series and of whether each explosion isn't justified much as each U-2 flight was justified—and whether the whole series isn't justified in part by the same fear, namely, that after this round of tests, there may be a treaty and no more may be allowed so let's get everything in under the wire. It was indeed just such greed on our part that led to the 1958 series of American tests before our agreement to the moratorium, a series that in turn helped trigger the Soviet series of last fall, and thus in turn our own present series. We're all like the drunkard who says after one more we'll all be on the wagon. And like the drunkard, the dangers from these aggressive acts are cumulative. Every time we do something wrong we must blame the "enemy" for making us do it to him.

Eisenhower's anger at the whole U-2 affair exploded first at Khrushchev and then, on his return from Paris, at Senator Fulbright when the latter questioned the wisdom of Ike's assumption of responsibility. (Fulbright was quite as courageous here in daring the Executive's displeasure as when he questioned the Cuban invasion nearly a year later.) To the President the U-2 was a kind of curtain tragedy: it robbed him of his role as peacemaker, and led to his defeat not only in Paris but later in Tokyo. The spirit of Camp David seems very far away now, and even a visit to the Soviet Union by the popular President Kennedy will probably not have the effect on American Conservatives that a visit by a Republican General would have had.

There is still another feature of the U-2 story, adumbrated above: that is the difficulty Americans have in resigning. (I speak with no particular self-righteousness here. For example, when I was in the New York District Attorney's Office I helped prosecute Morris Schappes, the City College teacher, for perjury, for lying as to the activities of his Communist cell although I had and have grave doubts about the use of a punitive perjury prosecution as a weapon even against what Sidney Hook would call conspiracy.) Not only diplomats but scientists and scientific administrators were forced by the U-2 case to lie. Moreover, the press officer at the National Aeronautics and Space Administration was forced to lie to newsmen whose trust he had cultivated and whose esteem and respect he valued. In the face of the sudden emergency created by the U-2 collapse, for which there had been preparation with no real forethought, it would have taken extraordinary courage to resign rather than to tell apparently harmless lies.

But the resignation itself might have brought to their senses the men who were concocting these stories even while Khrushchev was waiting for the United States to fall into the trap. And Allen Dulles, often a man who knows better than he performs, would have done well to resign, both to spare the President and the Summit, and to set a precedent. There had been a momentary plan that some lower official would be a fall guy and would be fired and later quietly reinstated (a plan that was rejected by President Eisenhower). Yet, of course, Allen Dulles' resignation, let alone that of the fall guy victim, would not have been a resignation on principle.

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WHAT PREVENTS such resignations in our society is not by any means the more obvious forms of greed but a kind of pragmatic idealism: we assume that if we stay in office we prevent worse things from happening. We fear that if we resign we will give in to an indulgence of our own scrupulousness at the expense of the realities of what we can do if we stay. There are no easy answers here; we have no casuistical understanding or systematized practice of when to resign; and our mass media would often harass the man who resigns or ignore him and make him feel that it was all in vain.

Perhaps another lesson lies in the fact that Air Force Major General Floyd Wood first turned down the U-2 idea and military men insisted that the design was faulty. I sometimes am persuaded that Generals are brighter today than in the first two world wars, even though they can no longer guard a vanished security. But it's not hard to re-persuade me that they're not *that* much brighter! And Trevor Gardner, Chief of Air Force RND, who helped Richard Bissell of CIA push the U-2 program through, assumed the Soviets would develop a way of countering the plane within a year or so. But it took them four years: another sign, perhaps, that our military may have an interest in overestimating so essential and useful an adversary. Yet, except for Mr. Eisenhower himself, there is no evidence that anybody who ever made an error of judgment, or a wrong guess in the matter of the U-2, or had his honor compromised by his dutiful prevarications, was in any way chastened as a result. Joseph Alsop doesn't write as a chastened man! High officials involved in the disaster were among those first chosen by President Kennedy to grace his own Administration. It seems safer to be wrong in good company than right all by oneself—safer for the individual but hazardous indeed for the nation.

Laymen and the Council

Renewal of the Church

PHILIP SCHARPER

Laymen have repeatedly been invited to voice their views and aspirations on the Ecumenical Council. Thus Francis Cardinal Koenig of Vienna, a member of the Central Preparatory Commission for the Council, said: "Do not wait for the Bishop or for a report from Rome, if you have something to say about the Council . . . Urge, when you feel urging is necessary."

In keeping with these invitations, The Commonweal last week began publication of a special series devoted to the layman's hopes and desires in connection with the Council. Philip Scharper, author of this second article in the series, is chief editor of Sheed & Ward. —THE EDITORS

WHAT EVERY Catholic would hope for from the Council is that it succeed in realizing one of the major goals which Pope John set in convoking it: a renewal of the Church which will be so effective that the Church herself will become, by what she is, the most compelling argument for Christian unity.

But it would be a mistake to assume that such reform and renewal were important only to enable the Church to present a fairer face to our separated brothers. On point after point such reform is urgently needed to make the Catholic himself understand the Church more deeply, love her more devotedly, and live in her life more fully.

In what follows, I shall try to set forth what points of renewal seem to me most urgent. They may reflect a parochialism of experience and poverty of observation; but they have also whatever value may attach itself to the reflections of one who has no position to maintain and no interests to serve, except those of Christ in His Church.

First, I would hope that the Council might render more meaningful the statement of Pope Pius XII that this is the Age of the Laity; that the lay person is not only in the front lines of the Church, but "is the Church." A particularly hopeful line of development would seem, to me at least, to lie in exploring the dimensions of the recovered phrase, "the priesthood of the laity." Pius XII declared that lay members of the Church should be informed of their priesthood, and the fact of their priesthood "should neither be minimized nor denied."

These are clear words and strong directives, yet in the years since Pope Pius uttered them I have not heard a single sermon on the priesthood of the laity, been aware of a single study group undertaking it as a sub-

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ject of inquiry, nor read a single article about it in journals which reach the layman as a matter of policy.

Further, I would hope that any attention given to the role of the laity would allow sociological perspectives in addition to the theological and canonical bases on which the subject must rest.

To cite but an obvious instance: I have known a score of lay editors of Catholic newspapers and magazines, and dozens of dedicated lay teachers in Catholic schools and colleges. These people are not members of the Church in any minimal sense; they are passionately interested in the Church. It is their abiding—often their central—concern. Their home is an *ecclesiola;* their leisure reading has a generous quota of theology—dogmatic, speculative and ascetical; their leisure activities embrace some form of intelligent Catholic Action, and they are concerned with such things as the liturgy and the social teachings of the Church.

Sociologically, in short, they are closer to the ideal of the priesthood than is that consecrated priest who does little serious reading, whose leisure activities, though innocent, are worldly and hence trivial, and whose thinking on social issues reflects the mass media rather than the mind of the Church.

SUCH a sociological situation does not, of course, affect the theological and canonical status of either priest or lay person, but it obviously cannot (or should not) be brushed aside if one is considering how the lay person is to share in the unfulfilled work of Christ, the High Priest. It means—among many other things that could be cited—that the lay person should have a voice in *some* of the councils within the Church. The lay faculty in our schools should be given a larger role in decision-taking and policy-making than is presently the case in many institutions. Further, every effort should be made to treat the layman as though he were in status, as he is in fact, a peer of the priest and religious in the Church's educational mission.

Parishioners could well be consulted about many matters in the parish, such as the best times for weekday Masses and the hearing of confessions, what subjects they wish to hear treated in sermons, and whether or not the preacher can be heard in any case. Indeed, if one could propose it without seeming facetious, a new Canon might call for a Suggestion Box next to the holy water font at the entrance to each church.

These specific examples may well be as banal as I think they are bathetic, but they point to a fact which is neither: the layman is increasingly urged to ponder and fulfill his role in the Church; lay people are increasingly competent to discharge that role, yet are frustrated by the fact that the administrative structures of the Church often make it difficult, if not impossible, for the layman to respond to the very challenges given him by pulpit and press.

Such, at least, was my feeling some months ago when I read in the Catholic press an injunction of Mr. Martin Work, executive director of the National Council of Catholic Men. Mr. Work chided the laity of the United States for not making known to the proper authorities its desires and wishes concerning the forthcoming Council. But no indication was given as to who these authorities were, how they were to be contacted in this case, nor how the public opinion he called for was effectively to be ascertained and presented. I have the greatest respect for Mr. Work, but that is irrelevant here. What is relevant is that another responsibility was being set before the laity, but no provision was made for the discharge of that responsibility. In effect, the lay person was invited to give a broadcast, was ushered into a studio, and then was seated before a dead microphone. He can be pardoned if, at times, he feels like a Kafka-esque creation.

I WOULD also hope that the Council might address itself to the theology of religious toleration and the closely connected question of the relation of Church and state. I am aware, of course, that these questions are—and have long been—in a state of dialectical tension, but there is much in the modern world to suggest that the tension, if long protracted, will be sterile rather than fruitful. There would seem to be as ample theological warrant for the so-called liberal view as there is for the so-called conservative one, and I suspect that on this point "consulting the faithful" of the world would indicate that most of them have long accepted the "liberal" view. For in our times the experience of Northern Europe and North America gives as valid a reading of the mind of the Church as does the history of Southern Europe and South America, and the present vitality of the Northern churches suggests that the Church is most free to be herself when she is as free from privilege as she is from persecution.

Further, the Church's concern with Asia and Africa makes imperative some reasonably definite solution, for here the Church is confronted, not with the religious pluralism of Western experience, but with the pluralism of Protestant, Catholic, Orthodox, Jew, Moslem, Buddhist, Shintoist *et al.* To confront such traditions with a truncated theology of tolerance or an insistence upon Church-state relations predicated upon an increasingly anachronistic Western historical experience would be in great part to foreclose the future of the Church within these cultures and to force Christ to speak to these peoples, as it were, in a harsh and alien tongue.

Lastly, one would hope that the Council might somehow serve to create a climate of urgency in which theologians would work to discover the practical corollaries of the Church's teachings. We have, for example, recovered, after centuries of virtual ignorance, an awareness of the Church as the Mystical Body of Christ. But

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theologians, teachers and preachers have, for the most part, seemingly rested in a continually deepening exposition of the doctrine itself, without too much concern for what we might call the practical consequences of the doctrine for those problems which press most heavily upon modern man.

One of those problems is obviously that of race. Surely the doctrine of the Mystical Body has tremendous implications here, but those implications have all too often been glossed over in favor of purely social, political and economic considerations.

One must not judge the past unfairly and must, above all, not blame an earlier generation for lacking insights only painfully gained in our own. Nevertheless, some questions still seem pertinent. Why, for example, were so many Catholic churches in our South segregated so completely for so long a time? What cast of mind accounted for the fact that the Supreme Court decision of 1954 opened the doors of Catholic colleges to more Negroes than had the fact that the Catholic Negro was a member of Christ's Body? How can we still partake of the Eucharist, the Sacrament of Unity, and tranquilly permit Christ, in His Negro and Puerto Rican brothers, to be confined to slums scarcely fit for even animal occupancy?

Modern man is also vexed by the problem of work. Does it have a meaning beyond the obvious economic one? Can it have a deeper meaning for most workers in a complex, industrialized society where work, it has been alleged, increasingly dehumanizes the worker as man increasingly serves his machines? The problem, of course, is old; only its intensity is new.

The doctrine of the Mystical Body would seem to have implications for at least a partial solution to this problem. It would seem to contain generous hints toward a genuine theology of work which would redeem from meaninglessness the working hours of the Christian's day. The problem is old, but even the phrase, "a theology of work," is relatively new, and the theology itself has scarcely been attempted on a serious scale. I would almost venture the guess that, in the last five years, more theological attention has been paid to the morality of boxing and careless driving than to the development of a theology of work.

Modern man also confronts the new and perplexing problem of international responsibility. One of the cruellest features of the problem is that it catches man at the intersecting point of a declining nationalism in the West and the rising nationalism of the emergent nations of Africa and Asia.

How does the Christian confront this problem? Should he have a sense of guilt at realizing that the "new nations" suffered much from the colonizers of Christian Europe; that very often the Christian missionizing activity was based on charity toward the "natives," but seemed unaware of the prior demands of justice, permitting the exploitation of natural resources while proclaiming the Kingdom of God?

Even if the past were blameless, what, if any, is the Christian's responsibility toward the peoples struggling upward toward a condition of authentic humanity? What response can he make to their often blind but blessed thrust toward freedom from the serfdoms of the past?

Here, too, the doctrine of the Mystical Body would seem to have relevance, but that relevance has yet to be spelled out so often and in such detail that the Catholic cannot evade it. One sees an occasional editorial in the Catholic press on the subject, but rarely one that carries the thought deeper than last year's editorial. Articles on the subject are yet more rare, and books are almost nonexistent. Birth control, yes. Divorce, yes. Population explosion (in relation to birth control), yes. Federal funds for Catholic schools, yes. These subjects are abundantly treated. But why the comparative silence on our responsibilities to the new world which is taking shape before our eyes?

RACE, WORK, international responsibility—three problems which roil the modern world and lacerate the soul of twentieth-century man. But we have come into the twentieth century without an adequate "theology" of race, without an adequate "theology" of work, without an adequate "theology" of international responsibility. We have, in short, come into the twentieth century at the great risk of seeming almost irrelevant in the eyes of the non-Catholic world.

The peril of seeming irrelevance confronts, of course, not only Roman Catholicism but all of the Christian churches equally. In itself, this peril constitutes one of the strongest arguments for Christian unity, and makes it clear that no matter how remote may be unity in creed, unity in charity and concern can suffer no delay. This, I take it, was prominently in the mind of Pope John when he said, in speaking of the Council: "We do not intend to conduct a trial of the past; we do not want to prove who was right or who was wrong. The blame is on both sides. All we want is to say: 'Let us come together. Let us make an end of our divisions.'"

Appeal for unity is, of course, not enough. There must be persuasion as well, and the only reason for writing these lines is that they mirror what one Catholic feels to be involved in one of the announced main purposes of the Council: so to renew the Church that she becomes herself the most persuasive argument for unity, as she stands before the world—not as we Catholics have made her by our pride and folly, our apathy, our hardness of heart, our confusion of national interests and cultural constructs with the essence of the Church—but as she is in the design of Christ: the splendid City on the mountain, its walls and towers constantly aglow as they faithfully reflect the Light of the Sun.

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THE STAGE

Die? I Thought I'd Laugh!

ALTHOUGH IT'S much too soon to be feeling any degree of confidence, there are signs that the Broadway musical comedy may be preparing to bring about its own death and dissolution before we do the job ourselves. The motive may not be all that self-sacrificial—showmen are great believers in metempsychosis and when one body isn't bringing home the bacon there is always the possibility of new incarnations—but even so the general welfare can't help benefiting. How can it be anything but a gain for pleasure, sanity and the future of civilized behavior, if skill, wit and vigor are released from their servitude to formulas and aging bodies?

What has led me to harbor a modest upsurge of hope is the evidence recently provided by "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," a musical comedy which clearly feels uncomfortable about being one and therefore tries rather strenuously at times to be something else. And what it tries to be, without wholly succeeding is something so refreshing and wonderfully elemental, that many of us found ourselves shaking our heads with relief tempered by a residue of suspicion, (like a starving man being assured that there really is food in the world and that he can have some): it tries to be funny.

If it isn't as funny as it might have been, this is due to the fact that its comic spirit is continually prevented from taking off on a really mad dance by the stern hand of the master of the traditional revels—the musical comedy generalissimo who, even though he senses the war is lost, is so tied to habit and the fear of peace that he persists in sending his forces on those absurd and wearying formulary sorties that go on nightly on all the other fronts along the Street. But even though "A Funny Thing" could have been a funnier thing, it still manages to be the best and freshest and most diverting piece of entertainment you can give your custom to this year.

There is actually nothing more original about the show's strategy than that it bases itself upon the farces of Plautus, nor anything more inventive about its tactics than that they are drawn mostly from burlesque and knockabout comedy of the kind we associate with the early vehicles of Bert Lahr, Ed Wynn, Bobbie Clarke and, on a level none of us should despise, Eddie Cantor in his cinema days. In fact, "A Funny Thing" kept reminding me of a movie like "Roman Scandals," (the presence of performers like John Carradine and Raymond Walburn didn't hurt that) when it wasn't reminding me of "The Boys from Syracuse." But in any case I was grateful to Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart for writing a book that is largely pure stampede, give-away nonsense of the kind that doesn't track down its best moments and shake them to death, the way it most often happens on Broadway.

Not that those moments aren't given a hard time. From the moment the first ballad is due, one becomes aware of the internecine warfare that is going to go on all evening: the sky turns pink and the romantic lead sings the most excruciatingly incongruous and pace-stopping love song, while gazing up at the window of a flesh-peddler's house where his inamorata, a virgin destined for some senior citizen's *dolce vita*, has been infamously incarcerated. And from that point, the romp is spasmodic and half earth-bound, kept in check by the exigencies of the musical comedy formula, which requires that whenever you are feeling your way into some area of lightness and believable gesture, into something really amusing, you have to remember what the old folks expect and cut your impulse short.

But "A Funny Thing" possesses one asset besides its intermittently amusing book which no amount of by-the-numbers showmanship and no awe of the tutelary gods of the benefit-matinee can fully squander: it possesses Zero Mostel, to a very large extent *is* Zero Mostel, and I should like to see the Richard Rodgers who can put that in a box. I don't want to slight the other members of the cast, especially people like Carradine, Jack Gilford, David Burns and Ruth Kobart. They do superlatively well by their uneven material, but the point is that Mostel, as he does with everything he touches, transfigures it.

What a pleasure it is to look on at that triumph of the spirit over the body's grossness which he continually celebrates—when he isn't celebrating the body's sly revenges on the spirit's ambition toward impossible independence. What an amazing delight to be present at repeated instances of timing which put us in possession of the most hidden truths about relationships (there is simply nobody around who can deliver a line like "You, sir, are a gentleman . . . and a procurer" with half the majestic rightness of Mostel). And how regenerating it is to be put back in touch with sex, after the endless suburban bedrooms and Norman Krasna's juveniles, in a mode of straightforward bawdy whose secret of not offending us lies in its power to suggest that high spirits have a way of redeeming low desires.

I could only have wished that Mostel had been allowed to have his head more often. In one sense, the civil war I've referred to was between him and the musical comedy format that periodically cramped his style, so that you could almost see him fretting, as the rest of the cast also did, whenever those sterile injunctions had to be obeyed. There was one moment, though, when the full, glorious possibilities of "A Funny Thing" were marvelously present. "Hide the girl on the roof," Zero tells someone, who replies, "Why?" "Why not?" Mostel answers, tiny hands trilling in the air, foot kick-

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ing backwards in that gesture whose only rivals are some of Chaplin's. Why not throw away the plot, the logic, the surrenders to expectation, and really have a ball? Whose approval do we have to have? (*At the Alvin.*)

RICHARD GILMAN

THE SCREEN

Advert and Comply

NO DOUBT when producer Otto Preminger bought *Advise and Consent,* Allen Drury's best-selling novel, he thought he had sure-fire material for a movie. The book's popularity, the Pulitzer prize it won, and its fascinating story about people in high places in Washington were all items supporting the judgment of an astute film maker like Preminger. Thus fortified, he gathered a good staff, a first-rate cast and went to work.

The finished film of "Advise and Consent" (Columbia) is something else again, and it's hard to tell whom it will please. While staunch admirers of the Drury novel may object to the changes made by Wendell Mayes's screenplay, they will approve of the cast whose performances under Preminger's direction are exceptionally good right down the line. Franchot Tone makes the ailing President a man who's covering up his failing strength with bravado; refusing to recognize that he's no longer the popular hero he was when he took office six years ago, he still insists on pushing through his choice for Secretary of State. As Leffingwell, the controversial "egghead," Henry Fonda plays the President's choice with his usual calm assurance and suggestion of more depth than appears on the surface.

But Leffingwell, supposedly a real intellectual and a good choice for the job, is also a crafty politician to whom lying comes easily; and Fonda is at his best when he shows Leffingwell defending himself before the Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee or trying to defend himself to his own son (Eddie Hodges) after he has committed perjury during the hearing. Very much in contrast with these politicians is Lew Ayres as the Vice President—neglected, ineffectual, doubting his own ability, but still a kindly and thoughtful man who almost seems out of place in the Washington rat race.

And a rat race it is when "Advise and Consent" concentrates on its senators. Walter Pidgeon gives one of the best performances of his career as the capable Senate Majority Leader whose admiration for the President is so great that he is willing to back him and maneuver the Senate to advise and consent to the nomination. Using a Southern accent that is often more mealy-mouthed than the real thing, Charles Laughton plays the vindictive South Carolina senator who "honors my President and my party," but whose hatred for Leffingwell is so overwhelming that he leads the opposition with an almost malevolent glee. Very much in favor of Leffingwell, however, is the senator played by George Grizzard in a vitriolic portrayal of an opportunist who would stop at nothing, not even blackmail, to get what he wants. Also in favor of the much-debated nominee are the senators played by Peter Lawford, as an amiable playboy, and by Don Murray, who becomes the chairman of the subcommittee investigating Leffingwell.

If any one is the hero of "Advise and Consent" it is this character portrayed by Murray with fervor and a glow of idealism. But it is this senator's high standards that become his downfall in the political chicanery that goes on in this plot. When, during the course of the subcommittee's inquiries into the nominee's associations with Communism, Leffingwell perjures himself, the high-minded young senator asks the President to withdraw the nomination and even asks Leffingwell to withdraw himself. Both refuse. And then Murray, whose standards won't allow him to approve a perjurer, is driven to desperation by a blackmailing scheme that threatens to expose a homosexual episode from his distant past unless he approves Leffingwell.

Then Murray flies to New York, and, in an extraordinary scene never shown in a movie before but made as repulsive as possible, finds his former companion in a hangout for homosexuals. The other man admits selling the information as well as a picture and a letter. While one can understand the despair felt by the young senator as his standards, his family and his whole future are threatened, one cannot understand that he would use suicide as a way out. In one of the final scenes, however, Walter Pidgeon tells off George Grizzard, the senator responsible for the blackmailing, and makes him realize that the Senate doesn't want "that tired old sin aired to the public."

In spite of Sam Leavitt's excellent black-and-white photography of Washington with handsome exterior scenes and authentic interiors, "Advise and Consent" often has a contrived air—as if it really didn't want us to believe the story it is telling. The women's roles are slighted except for brief walk-ons and several scenes involving Gene Tierney, who looks glamorous as a Washington hostess and Pidgeon's mistress, and Inga Swenson, who is quite effective as Don Murray's worried wife. There are few shots of home life, but there are many scenes of debate in the Senate and the scheming backstage.

Moreover, there are few characters with whom the viewer can identify himself, but there are many at whom he can give vent to his anger or disapproval. Audiences who are inclined to the Right will be unhappy about how their side is displayed; and those who favor the Left will grumble at the bad showing made by the so-called liberal politicians. Both sides will

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frown at the picture's cynical attitude toward perjury and the implication that a good politician must go along with the gang regardless of standards.

Despite the film's untenable ideology, or maybe because of it, I found "Advise and Consent" entertaining from beginning to end. According to an article in the New York *Times Magazine,* many of the *real* senators who saw the picture at a preview put on by Mr. Preminger found it enjoyable as a movie but inaccurate as a display of American politics—a display that may detract from opinions of American democracy when the film is shown abroad. But if "Advise and Consent" proves anything, it is the correctness of Bismarck's statement: "Politics is not an exact science." PHILIP T. HARTUNG

CORRESPONDENCE

"Biblical Drum Beaters?"

Washington, D. C.

TO THE EDITORS: It is difficult not to agree completely with your April 20 editorial on Biblical Drum-Beaters. But I do not think that this "full-fledged theological debate" is a sign "that American theology is coming of age." This is not a debate between American Catholic biblical scholars and American theologians; it is between Catholic biblical scholars and *certain* theologians who are correctly described as "unsympathetic" and "suspicious." As a matter of fact, the *American Ecclesiastical Review* is by no means representative of the School of Sacred Theology at the Catholic University of America itself. For the most part, the biblical scholars have cordial relations with their fellow theologians and have combined with them in mutual discussion of biblical topics in the annual and regional meetings of the Catholic Theological Society. This steady bridge-building appears also on the international scene in the efforts of German theologians at their meeting in Würzburg last fall, where the relationship between Scripture and Dogma was explored on a high, scholarly level.

Finally, it is hardly a debate, as the March *A.E.R.* demonstrates. One can hardly debate imputations and accusations that are made without evidence.

(Rev.) ROLAND E. MURPHY, O. CARM.

Aid to Education

Geyser, Mont.

TO THE EDITORS: Re. Aid to Education, Round II. In the editorial exchange of views on federal aid to private schools, it strikes me that one very important aspect of the controversy has been neglected: the Catholic in public school.

Here in Montana, as well as in other sparsely populated areas of the United States, great numbers of Catholic children attend public schools because it is not feasible to have "every Catholic child in a Catholic school." The sheer vastness of the sparsely populated areas makes it impossible. In all the parishes of which I have been pastor, there has been no Catholic school available, and little likelihood that there ever will be, with or without some form of federal aid. For religious instruction we depend upon well-organized Confraternity of Christian doctrine classes from first grade through high school, taught by lay teachers.

When the controversy regarding federal aid to private schools arose and was apparently in part responsible for the failure of the President's bill for aid to public schools, there was certainly some consternation in areas such as this. I feel that aid to public education is sorely needed to give the best quality education to all students in public schools, keeping in mind all too vividly that one hundred and thirty school children in my parish attend the public schools. These one hundred and thirty children reside in three different communities of this rural parish.

These, and others like them, are the forgotten Catholic children in the controversy regarding federal aid. It is understandable that those involved in the populous urban and suburban areas should feel most strongly about federal aid for their parish schools, but I believe that the pressures being brought to bear for a policy of "federal aid for *all* schools, or nothing for *any* schools" are less than realistic.

I want very much for my school children to have good instruction in languages and the sciences so that they will have equal opportunities in higher education. So many rural children are forced, after school, to leave and seek employment elsewhere that their elementary and secondary education takes on a more urgent significance than ever before. Progress towards giving them an education equal in quality to that of their urban counterparts will not be up to the challenge until some form of federal aid is available.

The aspirations of those who seek fair treatment in federal aid for private schools are legitimate. But it should be remembered that half of the Catholic children in the United States attend public schools, a great number of these in areas where there is no likelihood that Catholic schools will ever be available. These Catholic children, together with their fellows of other faiths, will be severely handicapped by a too intransigent insistence on no federal aid until private schools share it. *(Rev.)* JAMES F. KITTLESON

Edmond, Okla.

TO THE EDITORS: Perhaps the Bishops did choose bad strategy from the "image" point of view in the Federal Aid to Education question. They obviously feel that they are faced with a critical issue, namely

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the survival of Catholic schools. That is more important than our "image."

However, I would like to see the whole Church become just as excited and joined in battle over the entire ethical position of education in America today. We should stand in the midst of America as the "prophet" and shout, "Why cannot this nation provide an educational system that can satisfy the best interest of all American consciences?"

This is the central ethical question as I see it—not merely to maintain our own schools. The Catholic community is not threatened as much as the entire public community in which we are a part and have a stake.

The question could be amplified by other questions such as: "Why must sectors of Americans set up their own system of education apart from the public system?" "Why do we as a nation provide a system adapted mostly to the consciences of the secularists or neutralists?" "Why must our nation tend to create a monolithic state educational system?" "Why must America tend to freeze out competition in education?" "Why can we not expect our nation to provide an educational system that will get to the business of solving the ethical-social questions of our society?" "Why cannot our country give a moral education wedded to the total education of the whole man?"

We are in a national moral crisis in this country—not only a Catholic moral crisis. We must play our "prophetic" role and make the national conscience be so concerned with this ethical problem that the whole country will feel obliged to solve it. *(Rev.)* WILLIAM NERIN

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Nuclear Arms and Freedom

Berea, Ohio

TO THE EDITORS: As a long time subscriber to, and admirer of, The Commonweal I have grown increasingly disappointed with the quasi-nuclear pacifism of its editorial position. In dealing with the President's test resumption speech [Mar. 16] you voice most of the pacifist sentiments as currently doled out by Norman Cousins, Harrison Brown, *et al.* You act at times as though you really believe in Soviet intransigence and in their intention (despite their ridiculous "coexistence" propaganda which goes back to Lenin and Stalin in the twenties) to undermine and to crush "capitalist imperialism," i.e. the free world. Why then are you so equivocal about the necessity to remain militarily invulnerable while seeking a genuine and realistic system of arms control? Do nuclear weapons really represent an intrinsically unique situation? Isn't the issue of freedom *versus* slavery (with or without nuclear weapons) just as cogent in 1962 as it was when the free world faced Hitler?

I object to the mealy-mouthed tone of some of your recent editorials, not to mention the perversion of the basic issue of freedom *versus* totalitarianism by some of your contributors who make biological survival a higher good than human dignity and freedom when they ridicule fallout shelters. Would that The Commonweal might adopt some of the realism and common sense of such sister publications as *The Reporter* and *The New Leader.* I suggest, in conclusion, that you take to heart the observation of Reinhold Niebuhr that "If the free nations fail, their failure must be partly attributed to the faulty strategy of idealists who have too many illusions when they face realists who have too little conscience" or the declaration by Sydney Hook that "The fear of death, the desire to survive at any cost or price in human degradation, has been the greatest ally of tyranny, past or present." EMERSON JACOB

Latin in the Liturgy

East Norwalk, Conn.

TO THE EDITORS: Does it necessarily follow that the use of Latin in the churches of this country lessens lay participation, as James O'Gara implies in "Postscriptum—in English"?

Latin is taught throughout the secondary school system in this country, and Catholic students, with a little parental and pastoral guidance, can be urged to elect it for at least two years. Having learned the funda-

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mentals of classical Latin, a student nas no difficulty following the far-easier liturgical Latin. . . .

It is not considered too difficult for the average adult to gain some knowledge of Conversational French, Boat-Building, Bookkeeping, etc., in adult-education classes. If liturgical Latin classes were offered, perhaps parish-sponsored, they could be equally popular—and successful. An adult who has studied Latin can gain some mastery of liturgical Latin in a year's time—at the very least he can cover texts of the Sunday Masses. An adult who has never had Latin could do the same, with an additional six month for mastering basic forms.

Catholic publishing houses might offer some liturgical Latin works, presented in eye-appealing, modern formats. Consider the success of *Winnie Ille Pooh*, a work of far greater difficulty than anything in liturgical Latin could possibly be.

Liturgical Latin is not a barrier impossible to overcome. It could be an interesting challenge to an adult population, more education-conscious than ever before in its history, eager to fill leisure time with educational and cultural projects.

Liturgical Latin needs a good public relations job. It is dismissed without being tried. For five hundred years, the secondary school Latin curriculum has consisted of the most difficult Latin of all, that of the classical authors of the Republican period. As a result all Latin has a reputation of unusual difficulty. This reputation can be counteracted and the rich cultural Catholic heritage—almost unknown—that is liturgical Latin can be resurrected. Liturgical Latin can be "sold." Classes in it could be made as popular and fashionable as bridge classes—and the lessons would not be any more difficult.

ALICE M. FARRELL

The Morning After

WALTER CLARK

The morning after
  AFTER
The Princess woke
  At 5 A.M.
(Laughter
Of an early rooster
  Broke
The cockles of her dream.)

She felt the pea under the bed,
Corn shucks and straw.

Inside her head
A woodpecker began to tap,
Faster, faster.

She lay still
  And saw
Tomorrows of tomorrow
  Cross the ceiling.

She lay still
  And tried to keep
Inside the story,
  Tried to sleep.

She lay still
  Until
Something rolled over
  Against her shoulder.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!", cried the Princess,
"What was that?"
And she sat right up in bed.

It was the Prince!

He had a face like a dried quince,
A breath like a flying mare,
His hands were red,
His nose was choked with hairy weeds
Out of a flowerpot head.

She wished she were dead.

She tried to remember the Words.
She knew there were Words to be said,
There had to be Words: and Somebody there;
Perhaps out back of the shed.

Inside her head
The woodpecker began to tap
In Morse code.

(Faster, faster.)

"I must be dreaming," she said,
And crawled out of bed.
Her slippers were cold,
The stove wouldn't light
(Something about those slippers
  she had a feeling.)
"The wrong dream." she said,
Heating coffee for the Prince, her master.

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On Working-Class Life Today

A Radical's America. By Harvey Swados. Little, Brown and Company. $5.

Years of Conscience: The Muckrakers. Edited and Introduced by Harvey Swados. Meridian Books. $1.45.

by Hilton Kramer

HARVEY SWADOS is practically alone among writers of his generation in having made of *work*—the physical labor of the working class—a major concern of both his fiction and his criticism. It has not been his only interest; his fiction encompasses a larger social landscape, and his essays a wider intellectual spectrum, than that subject alone would afford. Still, in devoting an entire volume of stories (*On the Line*) and a number of striking essays to the place that work now occupies in the lives of the laboring class, and in reminding us of the fact that this class still exists in something like its old and unrevised relation to society as a whole and therefore requires a more compelling place in our imaginative life than writers are now willing to grant it, Mr. Swados has established his authority in this sphere as in no other.

Harvey Swados has thus been a writer historically *à rebours*, focusing a liberal and sophisticated intelligence on labor unions, factory conditions and working-class life at a time when private experience, perverse affections and exquisite moral paradoxes have been the literary fashion. He remarks in one of his essays that "some of us may be stubborn enough to go on believing that social problems demand social solutions rather than individual solutions," and I think it is fair to say that as a writer Mr. Swados commonly addresses himself to questions that are susceptible to social answers. What for many writers has become the only subject on which they feel themselves able to speak—the self imprisoned in its own consciousness—occupies a very small place in his literary economy.

In *A Radical's America* Mr. Swados has collected his essays on the working class together with some critical pieces on literature and popular culture. Though consistently well-written, its tone marred only by an occasional shrillness, the book is nonetheless uneven. Its strength is all in those essays on the actual status of workers in relation to the network of social, technological and political change that gradually frustrates and mocks whatever economic advantages are won in the process. Mr. Swados is very clear about the limits of those economic advantages; he has gone to considerable trouble to find out exactly to whom they accrue and to whom they don't, and at what human price they must be purchased even when (less frequently than one supposes) they are available at all.

Addressing himself to the kind of liberal reader who has succumbed to all the fashionable cant concerning the privileged position of American labor, Mr. Swados reminds him of how precarious the worker's economic life remains and of how vulnerable and exposed the social and economic advancement of the working class still is in relation to those legal and technological forces over which it exercises no permanent control. He accomplishes this in a way that only an alert literary mind can: by taking us directly into the lives of the people concerned. His vignettes of the unemployed miners in St. Michael, Pennsylvania, and the longshoremen in Harry Bridges' West Coast union are as good as anything Edmund Wilson wrote on similar subjects in the thirties. And indeed, Mr. Swados seems to have modeled these pieces on Wilson's practice of combining an acute observation of particular cases with a full consciousness of the social pattern of which they form a part, so that in the end one has had dramatized both a human predicament and a moment of history.

Several essays in *A Radical's America*—particularly "The Myth of the Powerful Worker," "The Myth of the Happy Worker," and "The Miners: Men without Work"—have now become part of the history of their time. They form a permanent critical image of life in the Eisenhower age. They tell us a good deal, too, about the moral inertia of liberalism in the fifties. When Mr. Swados remarks that "We have come by insensible stages to the point of denying that serious problems still exist in this nation," he reminds us of the price liberal ideologues have paid for their single-minded concentration on the Cold War.

The moral void that Mr. Swados exposes in his essays on work is also the main concern of his studies of literature and popular culture. The theme is the same, the human interest remains paramount, and yet these pieces—on the contemporary novel, on Italian movies and *The Three-Penny Opera*, on popular music and best-sellers—are simply not equal to their subjects. Their points are made too quickly and too easily. They are marked by a rhetorical insistence that is unsupported by the kind of evidence and argument that are so brilliantly deployed in the essays on work. Mr. Swados falls into the trap that has claimed many serious writers on popular culture; his sympathy is all for the work of art, but his best pages are devoted to an analysis of the fraudulent. He is indignant about the neglect that surrounds a writer like Wright Morris, whose work, he claims, embodies "a unique vision of American life and of the American character," but then, like the critics he despises, Mr. Swados devotes ten pages to *The Caine Mutiny*. Is it possible that the author of that novel, for all his duplicities, perhaps even *because* of them, has more to tell us about our experience than Mr. Morris? Whatever Mr. Morris's uniqueness may be, it has not been sufficient to stimulate Mr. Swados into defining it for us. Instead he writes about *The Jungle, The Exurbanites, and Compulsion.*

Moreover, there are moments in these literary essays when one feels that Mr. Swados has somehow lost touch with his subject. "A public which ignores a novelist like Wright Morris in favor of its drive-ins or its

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television screens," he writes, "is hardly in a position to protest that its writers are giving it nothing nourishing to feed on." I find this sentence extremely bizarre. Surely the particular public that is neglecting a writer like Mr. Morris—which is to say, the public that is capable of reading him—is not neglecting him in favor of its drive-ins but in favor of Salinger, O'Hara, and Cozzens (among others), and I doubt if the reason for its preference is purely a matter of critical hostility or the vagaries of the publishing business. Mr. Swados shows a curious lack of interest in discovering what *literary* reasons there may be for Mr. Morris' neglect—what there is in his attitude toward experience and in the literary manner of his novels that contributes to the neglect—though he is willing enough to undertake that kind of analysis with a writer like Herman Wouk.

Mr. Swados is properly disturbed about the condescending attitude that critics in the *New Yorker* and *Partisan Review* adopt toward new fiction. He writes contemptuously that "the woods are full of critics who know how to appreciate *old* books," and laments the paucity of those willing to undertake serious and disinterested criticism of new work. Yet the only novel to which he devotes a whole essay is *Robinson Crusoe*. For writers like Grace Paley, Thomas Berger, and others, whom he admires, Mr. Swados is a propagandist, not a critic. Given his enthusiasm and commitment, one wonders why he is unwilling to give these writers the kind of attention he lavishes on the miners of St. Michael.

This is not, unfortunately, the only example of a certain kind of piety in Mr. Swados' writing that is unsupported by anything but rhetoric. In the Introduction to *A Radical's America* he identifies his outlook as that of a socialist, claiming that "a socialist attitude is at least as firmly in the American grain as a liberal or an absolutist stance." Yet it is clear that socialism is simply the name he has given to his dissatisfaction with current affairs. He apparently feels no obligation to spell out exactly what it means to be a socialist in America at the present moment, and I cannot see how his "socialism" differs from the unhappy liberalism of the rest of us.

This is not a quibble about terms. Mr. Swados' lively anthology of the early muckrakers makes clear what we all know: that to criticize the social surface of American life does not necessarily imply a questioning of the system that supports it. Such criticism may indeed be a means of forestalling a more fundamental critique, and socialist criticism, if it is anything, is a criticism of fundamentals. He is mistaken if he believes there is anything necessarily socialist in his own criticism. Even at its best, in those memorable accounts of the factories and the mines and the waterfront, it remains the criticism of a liberal, desirous of a better life, hopeful of human capacities, but uncertain about the ways we ought to follow.

A Minor Spark

Voices at Play. By Muriel Spark. Lippincott. $4.

by Samuel Hynes

OF MRS. SPARK'S many literary virtues, one which should not be overlooked is her extraordinary productivity. *Voices at Play* is her eighth book in less than six years, a record that puts her in the same league with Trollope and Arnold Bennett (to mention two mass-producers with whom she has no other affinity). Book-a-year writers are rare these days, and since Mrs. Spark's writing is at its best brilliant, and never less than entertaining, we must be grateful that she is also prolific.

This second collection of her shorter pieces demonstrates what the first, *The Go-Away Bird*, also suggested—that she can write adroit and subtle short stories, but that her *serious* form is the novel. Her short stories are valuable because she is an interesting and intelligent writer, but they don't belong to the same class of achievement as *The Comforters* and *Memento Mori*. They have some of the special qualities of her novels—the same delicately recorded rhythms of speech, the

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same awareness of the radical oddity of human behavior, the same sense of the unpredictability of ordinary existence—but all composing a lower level of significance.

For example, a number of these pieces are involved, in one way or another, with the supernatural, as most of the novels also are. But the supernatural here is the ghost-story variety—demon lovers and dead men's voices—and not the metaphysical sort that makes the novels so startlingly original. I should add at once that these supernatural pieces are well done; it is only in comparison with the longer fiction that they seem unimpressive.

Of the ten pieces in *Voices at Play,* three are set in Africa, where Mrs. Spark lived for some time. These seem more the products of memory than of imagination, and it may be worth noting that Mrs. Spark has never drawn upon this rather exotic personal background for her novels, though there are other African stories in *The Go-Away Bird.* In general, her stories have the qualities of memory—a few sharp details, the more-than-ordinary clarity that time gives to what it leaves us.

But sometimes the materials of memory carry their own significance, and a fine story results. "The Ormolu Clock," for example, is a first-person recollection of an incident in an Austrian resort hotel; the narrator, a guest at the hotel, observes the triumph of her industrious, acquisitive landlady over the failing inn-keeper next door. The relationship is a complex one, and it is realized in the story entirely in terms of gestures and objects, the things a guest who knew neither of the principals might, if she were as perceptive as Mrs. Spark, observe. The story is economical and delicate, and entirely successful. But in other stories, the recollected details seem inadequate or contrived, and the results are less successful.

Voices at Play also includes four radio plays commissioned for the BBC's Third Programme. Mrs. Spark calls these "ear pieces," and they demonstrate further what her novels had already shown, that she has a marvelous ear for the shape and flow of speech. They must have been extremely effective when performed, but to the eye they seem a little bare, a little too much restricted by the limitations of the medium.

Perhaps the best way to describe these stories and plays is to say that they seem the by-products of a serious and original talent which has found its fullest expression in the larger form of the novel. The book is full of good writing, but Mrs. Spark's previous work has set a high standard, and by that standard *Voices at Play* is minor Spark.

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A Victim's Story

The Pasternak Affair. By Robert Conquest. Lippincott. $3.95.
Poems 1945-1960. By Boris Pasternak. Oxford. $7.

by Janet Fiscalini

PASTERNAK was not the first great man whose mind was too subtle and generous for the mechanical obsessions of political propaganda, and whose temperament was too serious for the simplicities of scandal, and yet became a victim of both. But he was the important victim of our period, and Mr. Conquest's narrative is scrupulous and moving.

Heavily documented, especially on the Russian side, the book begins by discussing Pasternak's literary intentions in writing *Dr. Zhivago,* and it moves from his attempt to have the novel published in Russia and his relations with his Italian publishers, to the Nobel award and the official persecution which, since his closest associates are still imprisoned, is not yet ended.

The narrative abounds with sidelights into Russian intellectual life: the individual timidity of bureaucratic editors; the expurgation and rewriting even of Chekhov; the persisting audience for unapproved literature; and, of course, the continuance of police methods.

Mr. Conquest has included the *Novy Mir's* long, Orwellian letter of rejection, with its automatic simplifications and treacherously paternal tone; the compulsively violent reports in *Pravda* and *Komsomol Pravda* which followed the Nobel award; and the smug, innuendo-breathing broadcasts announcing the arrest of Olga Ivinskaya and her daughter after Pasternak's death. He had written, in a private letter to the West: "She and her children are a kind of hostage for me."

The last poems were of course brought out of Russia secretly. They have been translated, together with the Zhivago poems, by Henry Kamen, in a handsome edition with a facing Russian text. Mr. Kamen's translation intends to render the meaning exactly, and it has the merit of being perfectly lucid. If the lang

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uage is sometimes neutral, the rhythm somnambulistic, these are the usual consequences of literal translation into English metrical forms.

The quietness and simplicity of all these later poems has been commented on sufficiently. But in "Bacchanalia" and "Wedding Party," in the noble fragments on Blok, or the sad, splendid, extravagant "Winter Festivities," one finds the same undefeated energy, the same abundance and surprise.

It has been remarked by others that Pasternak's poetry sets loose, among quiet, domestic settings, all the various grandeurs of natural forces; the intellectual control is unfailing and the vision always significant. We are accustomed to a poetry in which the "natural object" appears as a verifying, "objective" detail or as a moral emblem.

In these poems of Pasternak's, on the other hand, nature is an experienced energy, constantly struggling toward renewal. It is partly from the intense kinesthetic imagery that such innocuously titled poems ing" are able to draw their extraordinary power.

Such poems suggest other meanings, possibly political ones. But of the explicitly political poems in the book one of the strongest is a brief, oblique fragment of autobiography called "Change." I can say only that much moral and intellectual experience leads to the line in which the poet strikes out at the posing, mechanical optimists, and concludes:

In all whom I once gave my
trust
My faith has gone long past
recall,
For I have utterly lost man
Since ever he was lost by all.

REVIEWERS

Hilton Kramer, an Associate Editor of *Arts* Magazine, has contributed criticism to *The Reporter, Commentary* and other journals.

Samuel Hynes is a member of the faculty at Swarthmore.

Janet Fiscalini has contributed verse to *Accent* and the *Chicago Review*, as well as The Commonweal.

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A Liberal Magazine?

THERE IS A SENSE in which this magazine can only be described as liberal. In this sense, perhaps we should say that we are liberal without the capital "L"—we are liberal in an American rather than a European context. Certainly, many of the goals thought of in America as liberal are our goals, and many of the liberals' battles over the years have been our battles.

We stand for civil rights and for civil liberties, for social justice and racial equality, for international cooperation, for the rights of conscience and the utmost freedom of the human person under law. We support these things, and the means necessary to achieve them. And we have little patience with those Catholics who try to justify their own reluctance to join these battles by citing, out of context, the nineteenth century papal condemnation of continental Liberalism.

Thus it is that we often find ourselves in disagreement with many of our fellow-Catholics, not on matters of faith and morals but on issues involving practical, prudential judgments. An enthusiasm for Generalissimo Franco, for example, seems to be the hallmark of much of the Catholic press in this country, but we have never shared it. In some sections of the Catholic press, almost any right-wing political figure who talks loudly enough seems certain to be hailed as a great and commendable anti-Communist, but again we have always tended to view such men with a certain skepticism, placing more emphasis on deeds than on words.

Hence, we suppose, the designation of The Commonweal as liberal. And in the right context we are proud enough to carry it, even though we would hate to be identified with everything that has been done by some who called themselves liberals—with, for example, those who betrayed freedom by their apologies on behalf of Soviet tyranny before and during World War II. We want no part of such false liberalism, and never did. Instead, this magazine opposed both the Popular Front of the left, proposed by the Communists, and the Christian Front of the right, backed by Father Coughlin and his followers. On this record we would stand, and if taking these positions makes us liberal, we say good enough.

In the future, as in the past, the editors of this magazine will continue, to the best of their ability, to seek after justice and truth in the temporal order. If we are to judge by past experience, our opinions will sometimes be criticized as "too liberal"; at other times they will be damned as "too conservative." But we will always try to avoid the doctrinaire, the pat answer; the opinions that appear will continue to represent what we honestly believe. Our task, as we see it, is twofold: first of all, to stand for truth, and right, and justice, under whatever label they may be found; secondly, to try always to supply that larger context, involving a vision of man and of the meaning of history, without which liberalism and conservatism alike are incomplete.

—from the September 20, 1957 issue

THE COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

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